

Opening Chapters of "The Winning Oar," by Albert W. Aiken, in this number!

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No. 445

HURRAH FOR THE COUNTRY!

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Hurrah for the country—the joyous, the free!
Where the sunshine of heaven looks down on the
land!
Where the wild breezes daily with each leafy tree,
And the bough of the toiler by zephyrs is fanned!
No bustle of city, no hubbub of town.
No dusty street bordered by mortar and brick;
Through the woods and meadows the roadway
leads down
Where daisies and buttercups blossom so thick.
Exchange thou the gaslights for beautiful stars!
Exchange thou the dust for the perfume of flowers!
And the moonbeams shall sparkle with silvery
bars.
Thy couch on the green grass in even's cool hours.
Hurrah for the country! pure air and blue sky!
Hurrah for the land which blooms freely for all!
Hurrah for the breezes which merrily by
Waff bird-notes of music, and trout brooklets'
fall!

The Winning Oar; OR, THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the
College boys of Harvard, of the great boat-
race, of woman's love, man's treachery,
and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND
KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON,"
"THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS
NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
"SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF
NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER I. THE BLACK SHEEP.

Of all the pretty cities of New England—almost as renowned for handsome towns as the old England from whence it takes its name—not a single smiling hamlet can surpass fair Cambridge, which, with its thirty odd thousand people, is yet as truly a rural village as in the days of yore when it could boast but a scant ten thousand.

As fair a suburb, too, as old Boston can boast, Brookline and the Highland District to the contrary notwithstanding; the site of great Harvard college, the home of a million sons of eminent men, renowned in scholarship, commerce, and in politics; yet to the boys of Harvard the pretty town owes most of its renown; and of these lads of Harvard—the wearers of the crimson handkerchiefs, which they have bravely carried to the front in many a hard-fought race—we are about to relate a story so weird and strange, so improbable, at the first glance, that, if we did not know the incidents to be truth itself, we should hesitate to commit the facts to ever-living print.

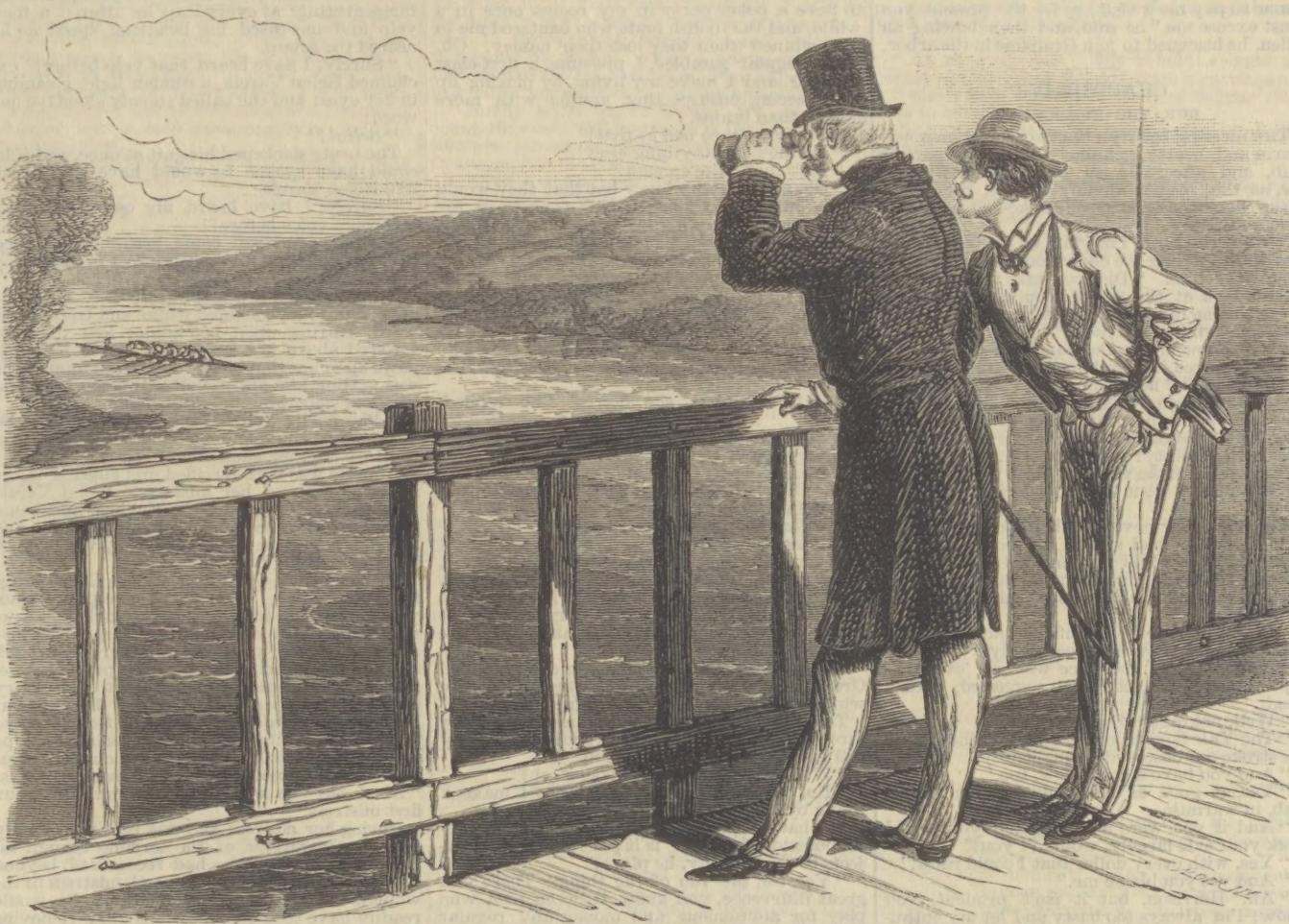
On a certain bright May morning, in the year— Well, never mind the year; perhaps it is as well not to deal too closely with figures; but the stirring events which we are about to chronicle are so fresh in the memories of the world, so large the name on who perches himself, and is in all families well known, to the story of the contests between Yale and Harvard for the championship of the water, will surely be able to fix the date as accurately as though I had written it—a tall, good-looking, well-dressed fellow got off a railway train at the little station on the Brighton road, which used to be called Cambridge Crossing, but is now dignified by a more sounding appellation, and walked slowly down the road which led into Cambridgeport (as the lower part of the town is called) by means of a bridge over the Charles river. This structure is generally known as the Brighton bridge, the second one spanning the river as you ascend it from the broad bay below, the first one being known as the Cottage Farm bridge.

As we have said, this young man was a tall, well-dressed fellow—in fact, a little too well-dressed for good taste; he displayed altogether too much jewelry; diamond studs glittered in his shirt-front, a costly pin of the same brilliant gem held together the folds of his scarf, a small fortune in diamonds he wore in the shape of rings upon his slender, white, aristocratic fingers; the watch-chain that ornamented the front of his snowy-white vest was as thick around as one's finger, and as he drew forth his timepiece to ascertain the hour, a careful observer would have seen that it, too, was richly adorned with precious gems—a tiny little bit of a thing, fit only for a lady and utterly out of place in the possession of a gentleman.

At first glance no one would have said that this young man was a gentleman; he was a handsome fellow, for he had curly hair, black as jet, carefully oiled and arranged; a white, aristocratic-looking face, regular in its features, with the exception of the nose, which was slightly curved; the lips were rather thin and bloodless, and there was a hard, cruel expression about the eyes and mouth which could hardly be perceived at first, but to a close examiner it would have been perceptible, although the man took the greatest care to conceal it. A perfect actor was this individual, although no stage-player, and from an early age he had trained his features to conceal, and not to betray, the feelings of his heart.

Of good old blue Boston "cultur" blood came this gentleman, and yet his enemies said that he was a black sheep if ever there was one in this world.

He was called Harrison Grahame, but in the sporting world, where acute "shrews" most do congregate, he was far better known as Harry Gray, for thus he abbreviated his name when "on the turf." He had wit enough to understand that it was no creditable thing for a blue-blooded Boston gentleman, a Beacon-Hillite born and bred, to appear in the public prints as



With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest.

the sporting gentleman, the high-spirited "Corinthian," who found the money to back the "Dublin Mouse" to box the "Pittsburg Chicken," or had his daring deeds chronicled as the plucky sport who broke the Twenty-third street faro bank in an eight hours' sitting.

Oh, no! the honored name of Harrison, so dear to Massachusetts annals—or Grahame, remembrance of ancient Scottish chivalry—must not be used in such a manner; but Harry Gray is very well known. He could do anything, and no one of the fashionable circle in which he moved would be the wiser for it.

Carelessly flourishing the light gold-headed switch he carried, he strode along with a lengthy stride, apparently at peace with himself and all the world, and yet there was a look upon his face, every now and then, that would have betrayed to a close observer that he was far from being easy in his mind.

It did not take Mr. Harry Gray long to cover the distance which intervened between the railway station and the Brighton bridge over the Charles river, and as he approached the bridge the mysterious actions of a man on the upper side of the structure excited his attention.

This person was well on in years, with a hard, wavy face ornamented with a large nose, very red at the tip, a pair of short and little grey eyebrows, a bristling iron-grey mustache, and small side-whiskers of the same hue. He was dressed very soberly, in complete black—the cut of the garments, though, being of a rather ancient type; and he wore an old-fashioned stand-up collar, a dickey, as it used to be called, encompassed by a stiff black stock necklace, which gave the wearer a semi-military look; and this was rather enhanced, too, by a peculiar, erect carriage natural to the man, an odd bearing to the head, and a sort of a military strut, so that one used to the manner and style of old army officers would have pronounced the man to be a veteran soldier.

Under his arm he carried a light cane ornamented with a little silver and dressed in no modern stick, evidently from this regularity.

What attracted the attention of the newcomer was that the old gentleman had a field-glass in his hand, and was busily engaged in surveying the upper part of the river.

"By Jove! it is the veteran!" Grahame exclaimed, as he came on; "but, what on earth is he up to?" but hardly had he asked the question when the answer occurred to him. "What an idiot I am!" he continued. "This is the training-ground of the Harvard crew, and he is watching their stroke, just as, for the past week, at Lake Saltonstall, I have been watching the Yale boys in their training. I wonder which crew he has bet on? He's a shrewd old dodger, and is up to as many tricks as any man alive. If his money is invested on the right side perhaps I might be able to bring him into the picture I have in view; he'd be no bad assistant, for he's as cunning as a fox and as heartless as a hawk!"

By this time Grahame had reached the bridge, and as his footsteps, sounding on it, attracted the attention of the old man, he carelessly put his glass in his pocket, and adjusting a pair of eyeglasses upon his nose turned to get a look at the interloper.

"Hallo, general!" exclaimed the young man, as he came up to him, "what brings you here? You're about the last man I expected to see!"

"Same to you, dear boy; same to you!" replied the old gentleman, flourishing his cane in the air and executing a military salute with it.

"Oh, I've some relatives residing in the town yonder, and I've just run on New York for a visit," Grahame answered, shaking hands with the old gentleman, an operation on the part of the general which was performed with great facility.

And now before I plunge deeper into the narrative I must give some account of this odd-looking old gentleman who is destined to play

quite an important part in the story which I am about to relate.

He was popularly known as General Lyceurus McShouter, and among a certain class was about as widely acquainted as any man in the country. Few race gatherings were there of any importance, from New Orleans to Boston, that were not honored by the general's presence in the "quarter-stretch," as the noted locality next to the judge's stand, and sacred to the "gentleman's bet," was sometimes jokingly termed. Not a gentleman blackleg in the country but knew the general, and there wasn't a colorless guardian to the precincts of King Faro in the land but would at once display his "ivories" at the approach of the old gentleman, and gladly, without parley, admit him to the rooms sacred to the goddess of Fortune.

In fine, the general was an old sport, and was as keen-headed and as unscrupulous an old scamp as the country could very well produce. How he came by the title of "general" no one knew, although there was a tradition—we say a tradition, as for the last twenty years the general had not appeared apparently in the least, and then one knew anything more about him than that he was at present dead, he was formerly an officer in the army, and had been cashiered for some questionable practices.

The general, when questioned upon the point, always insisted that he was one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and that he had won a general's grade in that struggle, and when asked as to his age, replied with great gravity that he was one hundred and ten years old, and that he fully expected to live to be a hundred and fifty at least.

"Some relatives, eh?" the general remarked.

"Yes, but what brings you here?"

"Oh, friends in Boston—friends in Boston!" the general replied, lightly swinging his switch in the air.

"Yes, but what are you doing on this bridge?"

"Merely taking the air."

"With a field-glass, eh?"

"Observing the scenery, that's all, dear boy!"

"And you are not watching the Harvard crew?"

"Oh, what an idea!"

"Seal here they come now!" and Grahame pointed up the stream, and the general instantly turned his keen, hawk-like eyes in the direction.

"I take a great deal of interest in this crew."

"Ah, you do?"

"Yes; the stroke oar is my cousin, Otis Lawrence, or 'Bub' Lawrence as he is generally termed."

CHAPTER II. A VILLAINOUS SCHEME.

"INDEED you astonish me, dear boy!" the general exclaimed.

The interview was cut short by the approach of the crew.

Down the stream and around the slight curve in the river came the Harvard boat, the light racing shell manned by its eight hardy, plucky oarsmen and its little dapper coxswain; for this year, after the English fashion which the Harvard boys had brought back with them from their brief visit across the water to Albion's shores, the race with Yale was to be rowed with coxswains contrary to the usual American custom.

With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest of the crew and instructing an individual member every now and then in regard to his pulling; in fact, acting as "coach" to the crew, contrary to the English custom, where the coach, or instructor of the crew, generally runs at full speed along the bank of the river thus keeping up with the boat and shouting his instructions at them. As for instance:

"Steady! No. 8! bend your back too

much. No. 5, too long in your recovery. No. 4, put more power in your elbow. Now give it to her, all together!—quicken! hit her up, hit her up!"

The crew were not rowing in downright earnest but were only paddling along, so to speak, for they well knew that vigilant, watching eyes were upon them, and it was not part of their policy to show exactly what they really could do until the day of the race came, when, side by side with their opponents, they waited for the "stroke."

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Go!" of the judge to the crew.

The crew were not rowing in downright earnest but were only paddling along, so to speak, for they well knew that vigilant, watching eyes were upon them, and it was not part of their policy to show exactly what they really could do until the day of the race came, when, side by side with their opponents, they waited for the "stroke."

"We had better 'hedge' then, by betting now that Harvard wins, and by laying sufficient money we may be able to save ourselves."

"A very bright thought, dear boy, and one that occurred to me yesterday, and I instantly telegraphed on to New York. This is the answer I received," and the general took a telegram from his pocket and handed it to Grahame.

The young man read it aloud:

"Odds four and five to one; no takers; no good."

"You see, my dear fellow, we are regularly let in for it," the general remarked, with a doleful air. "But you can stand it; ten thousand is a trifle to you, while two thousand is utter ruin to me."

Grahame made a wry face.

"My dear general, since it is probable that I will have to act together in this matter I may as well confess to you that I couldn't raise a thousand dollars in the world to save my life."

"You astound me!"

"It's the truth: I've been terribly unlucky of late; I am very deeply involved, indeed, and I relied upon this bet to help me out. Hark ye, general, I'm in a pretty bad box, and I've just made up my mind the Harvard crew have got to lose this race."

"Difficult, difficult, dear boy," cried the general, with a wry shake of the head. "These college chaps have got such queer notions of honor and all that sort of thing. You can't buy 'em, you know, to throw the race, like you can the common commoners, once in a while."

"By fair means they can't lose and so by foul means they must!" Grahame replied, a determined light shining in his eyes.

"Oh! I think I understand," the general said, with a knowing wink, after a moment's pause; "this stroke-oar, your cousin, Bub did you say his name is? You can do something with him. He could manage the matter easily enough. Thirty thou'! Make him an offer to stand in with him; give him half the swag; fifteen thousand dollars ain't to be sneezed at."

"It would be as much as my life is worth to even hint at such a thing, for Bub is as fine an athlete as there is in the country, and he most surely would try to strangle me on the spot. A man in gold wouldn't buy him to 'throw' the race."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the general, reflectively; "a remarkable man—and they are so scarce, too!"

"No; whatever is done must be done by cunning and by trickery. Bub has one weak side, like all these muscular, big-hearted men. He is simple and trusting as a child. He likes me, and believes me to be the best friend that he has on earth, when, in reality, I have hated him from boyhood as bitterly as possible. His very birth was a grievous wrong to me. I am some five years his senior. His father and my father were brothers; my uncle was a rich man and a confirmed old bachelor, as all supposed, while my father was a poor man. Bub's father always liked me from my birth, and often said that I should be his heir and that all of a sudden he would take it into his head to get married. Bub was born, and of course that put my nose completely out of joint, although the old fellow when he died had the decency to leave me twenty thousand dollars, but what was that paltry sum compared to the half million which Bub and his sister, Helena, came in for?"

"Oho! dear boy, go for the sister!"

"That is exactly my game and that is partly why I came here now. I have been paying court to Helena for some time; she's a shy girl, but I rather think she favors me. At any rate, she will not go against her brother if he advises her to accept. So, upon his decision all depends. If he says yes and accepts me as Helena's future husband, all will be well. I'll make a fortune of her to meet my debts; but if he refuses."

"And you think he will," added the general, shriveling.

"I'm afraid so," Grahame replied, with a lowering brow. "Well, if he refuses, then I'll do my best to ruin him and make his crew lose this race. He is mixed up in a love affair now with two girls—"

"Two?" exclaimed the general, in astonishment: "by the beard of my grandfather! wouldn't one be enough at a time?"

"Well, that's pretty good," Grahame observed, shriveling.

"I'm afraid so," Grahame replied, with a lowering brow. "Well, if he refuses, then I'll do my best to ruin him and make his crew lose this race. He is mixed up in a love affair now with two girls—"

"Come with me up to old Cambridge. I am to meet Bub at five this afternoon at a certain place where the students resort, and after my interview with him, we can lay our plans, if I fall in my suit, as I think I will, despite Bub's friendship for me."

CHAPTER III. THE WOODINE INN.

"Go ahead!" cried the general: "I am with you, dear boy, in anything to save my little two thousand."

"We may as well walk," Grahame suggested, as he led the way from the bridge; "we'll have plenty of time to get there before the crew come back and we can talk the matter over as we walk along."

Grahame, acquainted with the town, conducted his companion through the cross streets until they reached the main thoroughfare, the elm-shaded Main street, up which they walked toward the colleges.

"I'll begin at the beginning. I'll explain how I came to be so well posted in regard to Bub and his doings. One of his love affairs he himself confided to me and the other was told me in strict confidence by one of the college boys whom I met in New York last week. In regard to the first love affair, Bub boards in the house of a certain Dr. Artemas Peabody, a distant relation of our family, a scholar of great knowledge but of limited means. When Bub's father died he took this doctor a guardian over Bub—who was not of age then—and of his sister, who has just reached her majority. In fact, the old gentleman has acted as Bub's tutor and spiritual exponent of a blue-eyed, blonde-haired, smooth-shaven young gentleman, with as finely a proportioned head as ever sat on human shoulders. The features were prominent and regular, and there was a good, frank expression about the face that would be certain to win friends at the first glance.

This was Otis Lawrence, a descendant of one of the oldest and richest New England families—a race who could trace back its line right to the day of the Puritan fathers, a set of godly men, but, withal, a narrow-minded, tyrannical set of bigots ever existed.

Young Lawrence was only three-and-twenty—was the heir to a princely fortune; a half million of dollars well and safely invested his father had left, and he and his sister, Helena, were the only legatees.

Lawrence had all the qualities that appear in a noble manhood; frank and loyal by nature, quick to aid a friend, slow to resent an injury, he was a very prince of good-fellows, and from his great flow of animal spirits, being always full of life and fun, he had been unanimously dubbed "Bub" by all his friends, and as Bub Lawrence he was far better known than by his own proper appellation.

Young Lawrence a good-natured jest and cheerful laugh the party to their ginger ale, and then the host remembering Grahame told Bub that gentleman was waiting to see him.

Bub rose at once.

"My cousin, gentlemen, has done me the honor to pay me a visit; so for the present you must excuse me," he said, and then bowing an adieu, he hastened to join Grahame in the arbor.

that could not have stripped as a model for a young Hercules or a godlike Apollo.

Seating themselves at a circular-table, under the shade of huge cherry-tree, they called loudly for their ginger ale, and then chaffed the good-natured Englishman liberally when he brought it.

The leader of the party was a tall, well-proportioned youth, standing at least five feet ten, and built from the waist upward to use the old saying, "a blue-eye." He had dark, hair, smooth-shaven young gentleman, with as finely a proportioned head as ever sat on human shoulders. The features were prominent and regular, and there was a good, frank expression about the face that would be certain to win friends at the first glance.

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CHAPTER IV.

BUB, THE STROKE-OAR.

The meeting between the two young men was warm and hearty, genuinely so on the part of Bub, and affectedly so on Grahame's side, for, as the reader already knows, the black shadow of the Harvard stroke-oar no great amount of love.

"Well, Harrison, I'm glad to see you!" Bub exclaimed, taking the chair that the other pushed toward him. "Did you take a run over to have a look at the crew? You were always a great betting man, so I suppose that you have invested heavily on the race."

"Yes, about thirty thousand dollars."

Bub indulged in a prolonged whistle.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, "you have been going it rather strong! But don't you think that thirty thousand dollars is a large sum to stake upon what, after all, is a decided uncertainty?" for, Harrison, there is nothing which is the winning crew until we pull by the Judge's boat and the deciding gun is fired."

The stroke-oar never doubted for an instant that his cousin had staked his money that the Harvard crew would win, and it rather annoyed him to think that Harrison in his cousin's partisanship—as Bub supposed—should risk so large a sum.

"Oh, well, I felt so confident about the result," the other answered, carelessly.

"You thought the race was all over except the shouting, eh?" Bub suggested, with a laugh.

"Well, not quite so bad as that."

"The Yale boys have a good crew, they say," the stroke-oar observed, thoughtfully.

"And you have a good crew, too."

"Yes, as good as ever pulled an oar!" cried Bub, in warmth.

"And if you were a betting man you would back your side largely, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, with every dollar that I could raise!"

"And yet you blame me."

"Ah, Harrison, but it isn't prudent, you know; I'm always too hasty and let my enthusiasm run away with my judgment." Bub replied slowly. "Be a couple of thousand if you like, but take my advice, and don't risk it; it is entirely too much, and, unless the question, Harrison—can you afford to lose an sum in case we fail to win? An accident, you know, may defeat the best of crews. One of our men may go amiss on the very day of the race, an oar may break, or some blundering booby may run a boat in our way; a hundred things may happen to snatch victory from our grasp even at the very moment of success."

"Well, Bub, of course you know how I am situated," said the other, affecting to be deeply interested in the remarks of the stroke-oar.

"Of course I can't afford to lose two thousand, let alone thirty."

"Ah, Harrison, a man should not venture within a boat or feathered a pair of sculls—the best man that Harvard college had ever seen, or any other college either, for that matter!"

"You surprise me, dear boy."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Grahame!" exclaimed the host, ducking his partly bald head as he came up to the arbor; "you're quite a stranger!"

The Woodbine Inn was a plain little white cottage surrounded by a large garden filled with shrubbery in the midst of which small arbors were constructed, wherein little tables were placed for the accommodation of the customers.

It was a charming rural retreat, so different from the average American bar-room that it was little wonder that it was well patronized by the college boys.

Entering one of the arbors Grahame rapped upon the table, and the summons was answered by a big, burly, middle-aged man, whose general build and broad face betrayed at the first glance that he was a son of Albion's—isle—one of those brawny, beef-fed, beer-drinking Britons whose stout arms and brave hearts have triumphantly carried the Union Jack of Great Britain all around the world and caused that flag to be respected in every clime and by every nation.

"That's Googage himself," Grahame observed to the host as the host emerged from the house—a fine, tall, capital boxer, a jolly good fellow in every way, and yet as strict a church-member as any deacon in the land!"

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The Woodbine Inn was a plain little white cottage surrounded by a large garden filled with shrubbery in the midst of which small arbors were constructed, wherein little tables were placed for the accommodation of the customers.

It was a charming rural retreat, so different from the average American bar-room that it was little wonder that it was well patronized by the college boys.

Entering one of the arbors Grahame rapped upon the table, and the summons was answered by a big, burly, middle-aged man, whose general build and broad face betrayed at the first glance that he was a son of Albion's—isle—one of those brawny, beef-fed, beer-drinking Britons whose stout arms and brave hearts have triumphantly carried the Union Jack of Great Britain all around the world and caused that flag to be respected in every clime and by every nation.

"That's Googage himself," Grahame observed to the host as the host emerged from the house—a fine, tall, capital boxer, a jolly good fellow in every way, and yet as strict a church-member as any deacon in the land!"

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"That's Googage himself," Grahame observed to the host as the host emerged from the house—a fine, tall, capital boxer,

aroused and angered by his loud raving, hissed, rattled and squirmed in anticipation of battle with the desperate man.

"Diable! Help! Murderer Voodoo!—help, or I perish! If I die, a secret dies with me. Help!"

A glare of light suddenly flashed upon him, illuminating and showing the miserable nature of his surrounding. Near the ceiling, and on all four sides, extended a continuous cage of finely-woven wire. In this cage were confined the serpents whose hissing, gliding and rattling struck terror to the heart of the captive. The floor of the cell was of cemented flags. On three sides were massive and impenetrable walls; on the fourth side, a small, gabled window. At this window stood Ximo, the Voodoo, who had flashed forward the lamp. In a single second, when discovering that he was safe from the fangs of the serpents, Victor Bramont recurred to his usual spirit of devilish boldness.

"Ho! you writer! You thought to scare my life out. What next, Catherine Plaque?—which ever you are. Sacre! Release me!"

"It is not likely, Victor Bramont—who once assumed the name of Saul Secor—that I shall give you another chance to stab me. The thanks I received, when I agreed to assist you in the abduction of Selissa Gordon's child, was a knife-thrust aimed at my heart. As you fled from the dead of blood, I promised that I would not die, but would live to kill you, Victor Bramont."

"Diable! Then you mean to kill me, after saying that I was not your prisoner!"

"Catherine Plaque!" exclaimed Helen Varcia, stepping to the window and grasping the Voodoo roughly by the arm. "Woman! Do I hear that you aided Victor Bramont to rob me of my child? What had I done to you, to be the victim of such base treachery?"

"Diable!" muttered Bramont. "I am right. Helen Varcia is Selissa Gordon."

"Speak not of the past, but of the present," said the Voodoo, quickly, and freeing her arm from the grip of the actress.

"Scoundrel Bramont!" cried Franz Edouin, showing himself, "these women have business with you. Have it over briefly. Then you will settle an account with me."

"Diable!" exclaimed Bramont, in his heart, while he eyed the young man in a puzzled way: "this is Franz Edouin, the French detective, whom I once met abroad, and who looked to me the image of Dorian Ray at the time when Ray, crazy over the death of his wife, was confined in the private asylum." And aloud he snapped: "With you! An account with you! Sacre! Another toe. And what have I done to you?"

"You are the wretch who persecutes the woman I have pledged to my bride. I have sworn that you I must die!"

"One moment, fellow! If I am to have a fair show, I shall soon be rid of you—be sure of that. If you are thinking of the beautiful Osalind Ray, make up your mind that she is mine, pledged to me seventeen years ago—"

"Rascal! Let me enter his cell!"

But the Voodoo held him back, while she thought:

"A mystery here; for I know that Dorian Ray did not have a daughter so long ago as seventeen years."

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It did not occur to Helen Varcia that the declaration of Victor Bramont contained anything remarkable. Her mind being preoccupied with a hungry longing to discover, from him, whereabout her child, it did not strike her that Dorian Ray could not possibly have a daughter so long ago as seventeen years prior to this night, although she, as well as Ximo, might have recollected the date, and that Dorian Ray, helplessly insane, was confined in a private asylum at that time. She only meditated:

"I have now before me the man who tried to strangle me because I witnessed his tampering with the medicine of Gertrude Ray; who robbed me of my child; who stabbed the nurse in treacherous payment of her own treachery in aiding him to abduct that child. Now and here he shall tell me where to find my long-lost daughter, or every snake in yonder slimy cage shall be let loose upon him."

Franz Edouin had gripped one of the bars at the narrow window as if he would wrench it out and get at the imprisoned victim whose speech made the blood boil with indignation. Ximo held him firmly—though all his strength could not have unjolted the stoutly-riven bars—and would have expostulated with him, when the actress sternly addressed Victor Bramont:

"Tell me, wretch: where is my child?"

"Do you think I have carried the brat about, from place to place, for seventeen years?" he snapped.

"Nothing of the sort," continued the actress. "But that you know where she is, I am convinced. And never will you come out of there alive, until my questions are answered and answered truly."

"Very right," passed in the brain of Victor Bramont: "I do know where she is, and no one else can tell." But he spoke no word aloud.

"Victor Bramont!" cried the actress, grasping the iron bars and glaring angrily through the window, "twenty-one years ago Dorian Ray and Gertrude, his wife, had a boy child."

"Diable! I know that. I know, also, that you madly loved Dorian Ray yourself, and afterward hated him because he married this Gertrude."

"No master!" she interrupted, suppressing the fiery passion which arose within her at remembrance of the time when, twenty-two years before, Dorian Ray had rejected her unmaidenly avowal of love. "No master. You, vile wretch, were as deeply enamored of Gertrude as was wild to possess Dorian Ray."

"Diable! that is true."

"You vowed that she should never live as another man's wife! You concealed the deadly hate you bore both man and wife, and wormed yourself into an intimacy with Dorian Ray—"

"Diable! yes; and so did you in the same manner, for you had the confidence of his wife, who loved her immensely. We were a pair, eh?" sneered Bramont, folding his arms and scowling upon the actress.

"Most gracious Heaven!" murmured Franz Edouin to himself. "I feel that I am now to learn the grand, and mayhap terrible secret which has blighted the lives of Dorian Ray and my beloved Osalind."

"But I was not the guilty serpent you were," resumed Helen Varcia, her brilliant eyes glancing fury and scorn upon her enemy. "When Dorian Ray was lost to me—although I intensely hated him and all that was his from that moment—I would at least have let him live in peace, and rather felt a pride that I did not betray the gall in my wounded heart. You despicable schemer, made Gertrude believe that you had buried your passion for her, and by doing to Dorian Ray you succeeded in becoming an inmate of his household. In an evil hour you tempted Dorian Ray, and thereby led him to the commission of a breach of trust which necessitated his flight from the country."

M. Bourdoine nodded his head repeatedly in approval of Sibyl's statement of the case, while his face glowed with admiration of his pupil.

Adele gazed at the detective, as if he were the oracle of Egbert's fate.

Before giving his decision the detective compressed his lips reflectively, and went over his notes.

"There has been an interval of nine-teen years!" he said, indicating by dragging the syllables that nineteen years was a long time.

"Yes," said Sibyl, and both her heart and Adele's went down to zero.

"The clerk, whom we assume to be the real forger, or at least the prime mover in the matter, if his hand did not really execute the false signature, is alive and a partner in the business, the senior partner having died."

on the grass! Dorian Ray, returning too late even for his wife's funeral, became a veritable madman with grief, and had to be placed in an insane asylum. His son, who bore the birthmark of a red crescent in the palm of his right hand—was placed, by proper persons, in the Orphan Asylum at Chichester."

The actress was interrupted, and all were startled, by a quick cry more like the shriek of some infuriated animal. Franz Edouin, with wide starting eyes, panting breath, and whole frame quivering with a terrible excitement, tugged and wrung savagely at the bars, straining every nerve until red in the face, while he gasped and shouted, hoarse and choked:

"Let me in there! Find me an opening! I tell you I shall go mad!"

"Foolish young man!" exclaimed the Voodoo, sternly, and no longer able to keep him back from the bars. "You cannot get into that cell, for I have entered it myself. You must remember that you, too, are a captive in this house, and if you aided Victor Bramont to rob me of my child, you have done to you, the Voodoo."

"Ho! you writer! You thought to scare my life out. What next, Catherine Plaque?—which ever you are. Sacre! Release me!"

"It is not likely, Victor Bramont—who once assumed the name of Saul Secor—that I shall give you another chance to stab me. The thanks I received, when I agreed to assist you in the abduction of Selissa Gordon's child, was a knife-thrust aimed at my heart. As you fled from the dead of blood, I promised that I would not die, but would live to kill you, Victor Bramont."

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"A mystery here; for I know that Dorian Ray did not have a daughter so long ago as seventeen years."

GOING HOME.

BY ETHEL.

Y-s! I'm getting old and feeble;
My hair is silvery white;
And my step is slow and faltering,
For my eyes are dim of sight.
Down life's hill I'm slowly going;
Soon'll cross the deep, dark stream
Over which the angels beckon—
Beckon still, as in a dream!
Way beyond the silent river—
There, the dear ones gone before,
Ever linger, till my spirit leaves
The body, and the outer door—
Waiting there to guide me over
Crystal streams and streets of gold—
Wait, to teach the way to heaven,
And all mystery to unfold.
I am longing for the message
That will bid me hasten away;
For though earth is fair and joyous,
I've no heart to longer stay.
For the darling comes to me,
And I'm lonely here to-night.
As I sit and paint the future
In the fast darkening twilight.
Oh! the blessed promised future!
Sorrow never, never comes!
There the soul, in joy forever,
Through the heavenly city roads;
They'll lead me to the golden shore.
There will be no parting there—
Far beyond the still, dark river;
Up above the "Golden Stair."

Elegant Egbert; OR, THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JAMES VESEY, DETECTIVE.

The foregoing caption appeared on the door-post of a certain halfway, on a business street in New Orleans, and again on a door in the second story of the building.

It was read with mingled feelings of hope and misgiving by three persons, who, having read it, entered the room.

Within they found a very small boy seated on a very high stool, who motioned them to seats with a wave of his hand, and told them that Mr. Vesey was busy at present, but would give them audience shortly.

An audience soon stood a man of perhaps thirty, before a contrivance in the very cedula. From this source he learned that the cotton-broker not unfrequently occupied his library far into the night, when an ear at the key-hole might hear him pacing incessantly up and down, muttering to himself and moaning as if in great distress.

Lastly, the detective had Paul Harney under personal surveillance, from the time he left his palatial home in the morning until he had turned to it for the night.

For six weeks he discovered absolutely nothing.

The suspense told upon Sibyl, in an unwonted pallor of the cheek and, when she was not dissembling lightness of spirits in Egbert's presence, in an air of waiting, even waiting.

Putting her own trouble aside, Adele devoted herself to the task of cheering the sorely-troubled detective.

M. Bourdoine was extravagant in his impatience, called the detective and his assistants dandies, and finally worked himself up to such a pitch, between his anxiety for his pupil and his own impatience of delay, that he set himself to watch Paul Harney.

"Sibyl," said her husband, when one day he returned to him with an unusual depression of spirits, "give up this vain pursuit."

"Why, we have but just begun, dear," she replied, smiling with an effort.

"But you are being worn out by anxiety."

"My husband," replied the loyal wife, "when you have suffered twenty years, can I not watch one?"

"But the longer you cling to hope, the more bitter will be the inevitable disappointment."

"We are not prepared to concede that disappointment is inevitable, you know."

"My darling, cannot have your health undermined. Let us go away from here, where your anxiety will not be so constantly on the strain. The detectives can work just as well without our immediate presence."

"Yes."

"The young man whom we assume to have been a possible accomplice—Ah! is he still living?"

"Yes."

"His present occupation?"

"He is a professional gambler."

"Ah! In the city?"

"I do not know where he is."

"Last seen?"

"In Memphis."

"How long since?"

"Three months."

"He might be found somewhere on the river, I reckon."

"I think that he pursues his calling on the boats between St. Louis and New Orleans."

"The messenger boy is still living?"

"Yes."

Sibyl's heart rose in her throat, as she thought he had been to death.

"He is accessible?"

"It is necessary."

"You suspect no one else of complicity in the affair, or of knowledge of it in any way?"

"No."

The detective tapped his desk with his penholder, and thought.

His visitors hung in breathless suspense.

Presently he looked up and fixed his eyes on Sibyl's face.

"Madam," he said, "you must not be too sanguine of success."

"We are not," said Sibyl.

"Nineteen years ago is a very long time."

"I grant it."

"And much of the evidence that might have existed then may now be hopelessly destroyed."

"We have considered that."

"If you were seeking to recover money," pursued the detective, "I should call it the poorest of poor cases. But retribution is another way of thinking. People are not always disposed to limit their losses by a fixed sum. However, I feel it my duty to say to you that unless you can afford to throw away hundreds, and perhaps thousands of dollars, without advancing one step toward the attainment of your object, you had better not embark in this undertaking."

"Money is no object to us. We shall not count the cost. All we desire is the knowledge that everything has been done that can be done to accomplish the end."

"After spending ten thousand dollars and a year of time, I warn you, you may stand just where you do to-day."

"Oh! it is as hopeless as that?" said Adele.

"That is the dark side of the picture," said Sibyl, firmly.

"Now where is there of what is on the affirmative?"

"I overlooked that question. Is the clerk, now master of the firm, rich?"

"I do not know."

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

With this number closes the very interesting and valuable series of "Typical Women"—which have been a very pleasant feature of the paper for many weeks. Another series, we are pleased to state, will be long be given, from Dr. Legrand's pen, of characters noted in history and literature—thus admirably sustaining the interest excited in this department of the paper.

In Mr. Aiken's "Winning Oar"—started in this number—readers have a most sensible romance. It is sure to enlist the attention of Collegians generally, since the "Winning Oar" is a "Harvard Boy" of the best stamp; but, as it is also a powerful LOVE ROMANCE, its two-fold elements of interest, well wrought into a plot of more than ordinary power and mystery, will command for it unusual attention.

STRONG and Sterling serials, from the ever popular pens of Joseph E. Badger, Jr., and Oll Coomes, are soon to be given. They are in their authors' best style and favorite fields of Wild Western and South-western life—in which the SATURDAY JOURNAL stands prominent among popular weeklies. No paper presumes to vie with it in that field.

A new story, by Corinne Cushman, is already in hand and soon to follow. It is, like her other serials, a LOVE STORY—a romance of Two Girls' Fates, written with that power and feeling that have made Corinne Cushman's name a great favorite with a very large class of people, old and young.

Sunshine Papers.

Eligibilities.

SADIE is twenty-one and not married. So dreadful! Such an age! Just think of it! Twenty-one years old, and for three years she has been looking out for a husband, with all the aid that her anxious mamma could give her; but, notwithstanding the combined efforts of two determined and eager women, no male creature has yet been found to unite his destiny with that of Sadie. But the young woman's lack of success has not resulted from utter want of admirers; being bright, and pretty, and not at all a loss to make the most of her advantages, Sadie is considerable of a favorite with gentlemen. None of the masculines, however, who have indulged in admiration of her, have been eligible as marital partners; and though Miss Sadie has condescended to smile upon them, she has taken good care that they should not presume further upon her acquaintance than to aspire to the winning of one of those same smiles. No indeed! Miss Sadie is a well-brought-up young woman, and from her childhood has known what style of persons are eligibilities, matrimonially considered.

Therefore, Miss Sadie's husband—if she ever gets one—must be of a good figure, rather than of a good heart; the height of his stature will be taken more into consideration than the height of his intellect; it will be far more important that he know how to bow gracefully, enter a room artistically, and waltz divinely, than that he know how to labor skillfully, hold his place among intelligent thinkers, and aspire to help on the best good of humanity; if he can frame his avowal of love in the most polished and courteous sentences, can seal it with a circle of precious stones, and can lead Miss Sadie to the altar before a crowd of fashionable friends, that just such words have been spoken again and again to women who have never realized their promises, that just such jewels have paid the price of feminine dishonor and masculine indulgence, and that all those friends know of his *liaisons* and occasional drunken debauches, will be generously overlooked; if his name is connected with fame, or aristocratic ancestry, or a big bank account, it matters not how sullied it may be by dishonorable acts, infidel avowals and immoral excesses, it is quite an eligible one for Miss Sadie to take.

Eligibility, with Miss Sadie, and with Miss Sadie's mother, and with scores of young women of Miss Sadie's stamp, and scores of mothers like unto Miss Sadie's maternal progenitor, is not a synonym for honesty, sobriety, industry, morality, intellectuality, all that goes to make a man of worth, a man of clear head, clean hands and pure heart. It does not mean—this word eligibility—to many women, to far too many women, that a man is full of honest purpose to do right, high ambition to accomplish some good, desperate resolve to live an honorable and independent life, however cramped may be its circumstances and stern its economy; that physically and morally he has kept himself free from contact with sin; that he possesses a heart full of intense and honest love, offers them a life that has not been shared with others, pours upon them caresses the like of

which no other woman has ever known from him, speaks to them words he has never spoken before; it does not mean that he holds that a man should be as good and honest as the woman he asks to be his wife; it does not signify that she who shares his name and fortune should be his friend, companion, helpmeet and equal, instead of a servant, a slave, a plaything, and an inferior.

Shame on the mothers who look for "eligibilities" for their daughters rather than for the honest husband—poor, perhaps, but loving, reverencing, and eager to work for the sake of the girl who is willing to bless and brighten his life by associating her own with it.

No man's good looks, graceful manners, nor large fortune can atone to a woman with a soul, for lack of honorable manhood and loyal, devoted love. It may seem well for girls to marry for home, position, or money, but when she surely come a time, in each one's life, when she would give every comfort she possesses to waste the all of her passion upon a man worthy of it, capable of understanding it, and ardent to return it. There is enough misery in poverty, God knows, but there is infinitely more joy in sharing earth's bitterest trials with one loyal heart, than enjoying all of life's luxuries from the hand of any man who is not dearer to the woman to whom he gives them than all else that this world holds. And if a young woman cannot exist, and be happy, without marriage, she had better choose an honest, loving husband and starvation, than wait for an eligibility whom she must tutor her heart to accept for the sake of his money—which covers a multitude of sins.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE USES OF A BRIGHT FACE.

I AM a sincere advocate for cheerfulness, and have great faith in "merry heart that doeth good like a medicine"; and my confidence in the proverb—"A blithe heart makes a blooming face" is of an "unshakable" kind.

Our physicians did but know the effect their countenances have on their patients, I think they would banish their gloomy looks and change them for bright and cheerful expression; they might sell less pills and potions, but they would certainly thus aid to restore their patients to health, and a good medical man always desires that. It is only the medical humbugs or scamps who keep a patient sick to get more pay.

Not long ago I had the delightful feeling of being "out of sorts" with myself and the rest of humanity, and went moaning and moping about the house until the family and neighbors grew quite worried about me. Some thought I was either plotting out a soul-harrowing serial, or taken with a fit of writing poetry, or forming the idea of going lecturing, or studying for the stage, or of being "crazed in love," or of having had an essay declined, or of being a fit subject for an insane asylum. Not one guessed that I was pining for a real camel-hair shawl! If they had, they would have been the poorest guessers in Christendom, for such was not the case. I scarcely ever strayed to reach the unattainable, unless ideas come under the head.

Our own M. D. was away, so we called in the one residing in the next town. He made my shiver just to look at him. He seemed as though he looked on life as a dark valley, and his conversation was impregnated with dire forebodings of the great amount of sickness there was about, the symptoms of all diseases, the ailing of his patients, accompanied with the remark that "most sick people bring their illnesses upon themselves and deserve to suffer." He interspersed his speeches with many a dismal morn, and you might as soon think of boiling water with unmettled ice as to find one ray of cheerfulness in his face or conversation. I was glad when he departed, and the pills he left me consigned to the stove. I knew they were bitter if he compounded them, and I felt better enough without the addition of any of his pills.

The next day our own physician returned, and I was so glad to see him! He looked so pleasant, acted so cheerfully, and was so full of good spirits, without being boisterous, that it did one good "only to look at him," and I felt better for his presence. He didn't depress me in my gloom, but he did enliven me with humorous accounts of his adventures. He told me how he had such implicit faith and trust in his horse guiding him aright, that in his long and lonely midnight rides, he would faintly indulge in a slight nap and trust to old Jerry, and how he felt that confidence was misplaced or basely taken advantage of when upon one cold and wintry night he found himself heels-over-head in a snow-drift, and spoiling one of his pet dreams. Maybe the horse had gone to sleep too. Then he told me how he was explaining, or striving to explain, to a friend as they were standing near it. The doctor was boasting of his courage, and laughed at the timidity of those who had been scared away from the premises by supposed ghosts. He wasn't afraid. Not one bit of it! but he was surprised to see something dart from the haunted spot and jump upon him. Down on his knees went the doctor; whether he intended to pray or had slipped over a stone, or the ice (!) was slippery that July night he hadn't made up his mind. Of course he wasn't frightened at his own adventures and misadventures that the laughter was quite contagious and that effected my cure. I didn't want physic, but I did want cheerfulness.

It is not so with many of you! Do you not think you would be better if there were more cheerfulness about you, and don't you believe that we would recover sooner from our spleen if our physicians saw how much we needed bright faces about us and lively conversation? I do, and I don't think many of our doctors ought to be so *glum* and let us wallow in darkness when we so crave the sunshine. So my dear, good M. D.'s, give us less medicine and more cheerfulness!

Foolscap Papers.

Washingtonian Relics.

SEEING that Congress has recently purchased a batch of relics of a gentleman named Washington, well known to all pure lovers of what they call Truth, I am led to announce that I have a collection of such which have been accumulating in the family for several generations; how, I do not know, though some people who had them sometimes missed theirs.

I propose to offer these to Congress, and if she has \$120,000 she can have them and no questions asked. This is cheaper than you could buy similar things in a dollar store. I will warrant every article to be just what it is

and nothing more, and if anything can be proven to be false I will acknowledge the fact with great alacrity.

The catalogue consists in part of the following things, viz., wit, names, etc.:

One highly antique dismounted boot jack (for courtesy) with which the general used to peel his boots off invariably every night before retiring, and when the heel happened to slip from it and fall on the other shin, and he would dance a hornpipe around on the safe leg, it is said he never used bad words for sake, nor accused his wife with any complicity in the affair.

One large mirror in which Washington used to see himself. If you don't believe it you can look into it yourself and see if he didn't. Do you suppose he could stand himself over in the corner and then go across the room and look at himself any more than you could, even ten years ago?

An ax with which he used to split kindling wood, very dull and large enough to be the father of the celebrated little hatchet, so renowned in his story. It is said that when a stick would fly up and take him on the nose he never flung the ax against the side of the wood-shed and indulged in General Butlerisms to any extent.

One waiter; this is not the colored waiter, for you have no doubt seen that he has recently died again lately, and gone again to the bosom of his fathers.

One pair of suspenders, knit, and as sustaining as the Constitution of the United States. This is a relic which binds the past to the present, and is strong enough to do so forever.

A footstool with the print of his foot upon it, made just after he came in out of the rain. It is in large print, and he was the largest man in the country.

One tooth-brush, a little large for its age, but looking like it had seen a good deal of government service, and had been in many a stirring brush with the enemy which it cleaned out effectually.

Washington's first jeans coat, with holes where the elbows used to be, and every button carefully removed, the pockets containing three nails; one buckle; one broad awl; one old key; one piece of chalk; one Barlow knife, without blades; one bullet; six small iron rings; four pieces of blue glass; and other evidences of boyhood.

One farewell address. There have been a good many extant but this is the only true one, and the only one he ever gave.

A piece of the log on which Washington crossed the Delaware on that memorable occasion.

Washington's plate—the first plate he ever had; a tin one, with the letters of the alphabet around it. On this plate he used to eat the product of the B's, fish from the C's with the greatest E's, and Limburger G's, minding his N's, going for his Schweizer K's, and wings of his O's, getting slapped by his father and learning his H's, scooping up the P's, flipping his Q's, taking his T without paying a V; slashing green cucumbers which are warranted to W up without knowing Y; though it is easy to Z. (Merry, give me a little air!)

One monkey-wrench. It is supposed that with this he wrenches this country from the grasp of Great Britain, but I hardly give credence to the story; this, however, does not make it less valuable.

A piece of the chain which he used when his wife was Sir Veyor Washington, and which he broke before he began to break the chains that bound us to our mother country stronger than a hand-apron-strings.

A hand-spoon with which he used to go down hill before he learned so well to go up hill in life. This is what inured him to snow and cold vicissitudes, for with it he stayed out all day in winter, although he knew well enough that at home there was a warm welcome awaiting him. He thought the welcome, however, was a little too warm, and did not think that his back was a bit cold.

I have also the first cigar he ever smoked up. It is complete, and just as it was in the original. He leaned over the fence when he finished it and didn't seem to know that it was loaded, and it is no wonder that when anybody afterward offered him a cigar he got mad. He said there was no fun in it, that he was able to see that it was a bit cold.

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Topics of the Time.

In the Royal Library, at Paris, is a Chinese chart made 600 B. C., on which 1,460 stars are correctly located. There is also a map of China made 1000 B. C.

—Washington's will is kept in a glass case in the office of the clerk of Fairfax county, Va. The writing has almost all faded away and the paper is so frail that it will not bear handling.

—A Biblical curiosity in the English section at the Paris Exhibition which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wandering of the Israelites in the desert; the exterior and interior of the Tabernacle is faithfully constructed according to the details given in the Old Testament.

—W. C. Carver shot Dr. Carver shooting!—We don't know where he got the Doctor has another antagonist after him—Dr. Charles Clegg, paper speaking of Buffalo Bill, says: "During the fall, he says, he will send a challenge to Dr. Carver, the shootist, believing he can get away with his baggage. Bill will challenge the Doctor to make trials of skill at shooting, on horseback, and going at full speed."

—Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an air of hot air, and fixed onto the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common silvered sheet glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.

—A careful *collaborateur* of statistics of crime gives us some very suggestive information. He ascertains that the number of convicts is now twice as great as 1871, the relative figures being 31,000 and 16,000. The greatest increase is in Georgia, Tennessee, and several Western States. The number of persons in prisons as convicts, or awaiting trial, is 60,000, of whom less than one-sixth are women. About 10,000 of the whole number are in New York,

THE DESERTED NEST.

BY D. CHANNIN ROBIE.

Where are the robins that early in spring
Built their nest in the maple tree?
No longer at even I hear them sing
Their sweet strains of melody.

From my window I watched them, day by day,
As they toiled in the maple tree;
Now placing a straw here and there, then away
For more they went merrily.

When the nest was done they were proud, I know,
For louder they piped their notes,
As from branch to bough they hopped to and fro,
Pouring music from their red throats.

Soon a little blue egg in the nest was laid;
Then caroled the robins the more;
And so they kept happily on, till they made
The eggs in the nest to count four.

By turns they would sit on the nest, and gaze
Down at my window for hours.
Sitting or singing throughout the bright days
That were sweet with blossoming flowers.

A few weeks passed, and then there arose
A chirrup within the nest;

And soon o'er the eggs a stirring thing shows
The form of a little red-breast!

The old birds hunted along the roadside,
And flew back with a chirp or a worm;
Then four little mouths were opened wide
To eat their appointed trout.

So the day went on, and the little things
Feathered out, and the nest was filled;

They crowded and crowded, and fluttered their
wings.

While the old robins warbled and trilled.

Then the young birds flew from the parent nest,
And lonely the old ones grew;

They lingered awhile, then started in quest
Of the trunks; it was their adieu!

Now the nest is silent, deserted and lone;
No more in the maple tree

Do I hear the caroling, sweet silver tone
Of the robins' clear melody.

Thus ever it is: we thoughtlessly go
From the sheltering parent nest,

Out into the world, with its coldness and woe,
From the hearts that love us the best.

There cometh a day we shall cease to roam;
There will be dearth of sorrow and tears
When we get back to dwell in that other home
Through the Master's eternal years!

Typical Women.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,
The Queen of Tragedy.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Who shall succeed Siddons?
The world asked that question when the great tragedienne passed forever from the stage, little dreaming that a poor, broken-down opera-singer—and a typical Yankee girl at that—was to be successor.

But as poets are born not made, so of actors. That Yankee girl, coming of real old Puritan stock, was born to "act;" and though all her early training was utterly at variance with the demands of the stage, a knowledge of the drama, and a taste for scenic art, yet the genius for dramatic expression was in her, and the actress came forth, even against the wishes of friends, to the stage—an accident gave the world its latest queen of tragedy, as we shall see.

Charlotte Cushman, born in Boston July 23d, 1816, came of "Roundhead" blood—being the eighth generation descendant of that Robert Cushman who, with William Brewster, organized the first Puritan colony of New England. From such stock she could hardly be otherwise than of orthodox Puritan views, which embraced, besides the articles of covenant, a special aversion for the stage, and a firm belief that an actor was bound as straight for perdition as a good Calvinist for Paradise.

Charlotte was the eldest of four children. Her father was a well-to-do merchant, who "brought up" his family judiciously and honorably, according to the best New England standard; but the great misfortune of his death plunged the widow into the sorrows of distress of poverty, and it then became necessary for Charlotte, though but sixteen years of age, to turn what strength and talent she had to aid in supporting the others.

Her most apparent resource lay in her voice, which was a contralto of peculiar *timbre* and of rare range. But circumscribed by Boston prejudices against the step, she could only look to the choir, or at most to the concert in oratorio. She acted promptly. After a few weeks' training she took her place in a Boston church and almost at once attracted notice. A wealthy gentleman plead for the privilege of educating her musically, and with his well-timed assistance Charlotte pursued a thorough course of instruction—meanwhile singing frequently in concert, greatly to the pleasure of all music-lovers. Then there appeared in Boston the then quite famous soprano singer, Mrs. Joseph Wood, who, hearing Miss Cushman in oratorio, unhesitatingly pronounced her voice to be "the finest contralto in America;" and at her earnest persuasion the Puritan girl was induced to enter upon study for the stage. Friends protested, for was not opera *acting* and was not that one of the seven abominations?

But such opposition had no terrors for her, now that her ambition was fully awakened, and her capabilities made evident. In childhood she had shown a strong will that girlhood had not tamed. She said of herself:

"I was an awful child, full of irresistible life and impulsive will; living fully in the present, looking neither before nor after, as ready to execute as to conceive; full of imagination." In her young womanhood she was not less self-assertive. Indeed, that trait strengthened with her years. To resolve upon a course was to do it. Having made up her mind to succeed on the operatic stage, her humble profession of music-teacher and choir singer was abandoned, and for two years she studied for the lyric stage with such aid as the musical culture of Boston then afforded.

Her first appearance in opera was her *debut* at the Tremont theater, Boston, in April 1835—she then being nineteen years of age. Her success was quite astonishing. Her voice was superb, and her acting in "Figaro" so full of energy and the exquisite spirit of true art, that she made not merely a hit but a profound impression. Her friends then realized how proper had been her choice of profession.

This season's success was followed by an engagement for the "operatic season" in New Orleans—the only city in the country boasting an opera-house, and having its regular "seasons." Her appearance there in the fall of 1835 was equally a success at first, but, to her dismay, her voice began to fail; under the enervating influence of the climate the very rich lower notes of her register almost utterly left her! With the *pluck* which ever characterized her, the young cantatrice undertook the fatiguing tour, and for two months she bore the unnatural strain, soon told upon her and it became evident to her and her friends that her voice was indeed broken, perhaps irrecoverably so.

Her grief over this catastrophe we can well surmise was intense. At the very opening of a career which gave promise of fame and fortune to see the prize wrested from her, and to know that thenceforth her walk in life must be the humble one of music-teacher was indeed torture to a soul so brave and ambitious.

In her misery, again a "professional" came to her aid. Wm. E. Burton, the comedian, was then playing in New Orleans. He had seen Charlotte repeatedly, in her operatic characters, and had formed an opinion regarding her dramatic capabilities which he now came forward to urge.

"You are, Miss Cushman, a born actress; your place is not on the operatic boards but in the theater; if you will once make the effort to

test your powers your success will prove what I say, and instead of your loss of singing voice being a calamity it will have been a blessing in disguise."

She was away from Boston and the friends whose horror of the theatrical stage would have led them to wish her in her grave rather than inflict on them the *disgrace* of an actress's career. She was in a strange city, poor, afflicted and hopeless. Burton's genial face and confident words of encouragement came to her like the friendly hand to the drowning wretch. She grasped at the hand and, behold!—new world to her—a new star in the firmament for the people—almost at a step Charlotte Cushman was famous.

Under Burton's advice and direction she struck for the loftiest character for her *debut* of "Lady Macbeth." She had not the benefit of teacher or mentor. She took a room to hire, proxy apartments for study and practice. Outside the door of the garret of her boarding-house she sat, hour by hour, poring over her task—of "committing" her part and efforts for its interpretation. She had seen it played often enough, by the old-fashioned, romantic school of actors, but only to her disgust. Studying the part, in her garret, she soon began to see Shakespeare's magnificent creation in the light of her own genius; little by little Lady Macbeth grew into her very soul—a living creature; she was, to the enthusiastic girl, so real that Charlotte was ceaselessly thinking of her, awake, and dreaming of her, asleep. Never having seen Siddons, the New England girl was turned in upon herself, wholly, to interpret the character and embody its action.

That ignorance of models and absence of teachers, added to her own remarkable force of character, gave us Charlotte Cushman's *Lady Macbeth*—something so new, so grand, so surpassing that when she was presented, in London, to Siddons's own audience, the verdict was final—it was the finest impersonation of the character ever accomplished.

Her first appearance at Caulfield's theater, New Orleans, in the spring of 1836, was a great event. Intense interest had already been excited by the rumor that the songstress was to abandon the operatic boards for the stage, and the night of her *debut* witnessed the abandonment of the opera-house for the theater by the best people of the city. The place was "jammed," and never was audience more astonished. "They were soon appalled," we are told, "by the powers which Charlotte Cushman exhibited." It was like a revelation to them. Never had they seen such acting. "She made the people understand the character that Shakespeare drew; she was neither stilted, nor mock-heroic, nor monotonous, but so fiercely, so vividly natural that the spectators were afraid of her as they would have been of a pantheress."

That success of course determined her career. No thought now of her lost notes. Her vocalization, however, had been a fine training for her enunciation, and her voice owed much of its wondrous expression to her musical practice and culture. Who can ever forget that voice after having heard it in *Lady Macbeth*, *Meg Merriles*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*? Sweet and low, as a summer song, or loud and deep as the roar of the tempest, it swept the whole range of expression from gentleness and pathos to terror and tragedy.

She was now the Star of American boards. After a splendid season in New Orleans she came North and played in New York, first at the Old Bowery, and then a long season at the Park, supporting Forrest in all his great parts. *Gaspar*, *Leah*, *Sonia*, *to Virginia*, *the Priests to his Buddies* (Parsons); *the Hamlet*, *etc.*, *etc.*, and in the winter of 1837-8 carrying this support to his *Othello*, *Gladiator*, *Damon*, *Melomara*, *William Tell*, *Richard III*, and *Coriolanus*.

To trace her career from this point onward is to record one unending series of stage triumphs. When Macready came to America she was called upon to sustain him, and so well did she do this that that great actor found himself not the lone star of the evening. He was very much of a gentleman and had no feeling of envy for the Yankee girl's equal share in the public applause. By his advice and confident prediction of victory, she ventured to cross the water and strike for the place that, since Siddons's death, no woman had presumed to fill. This was in the fall of 1844. It was a great venture, indeed. Alone she entered the old city of London with the then very dreary prospect against every American to overcome and a special contention for Yankee playrights to obtain.

She was poor enough to be compelled to take humble lodgings. The support of mother and sisters had drawn heavily upon her earnings, splendid wardrobes had made incessant demands upon her income. But Macready's decided endorsement won her a ready hearing, and at her first appearance at the Princess theater she created quite a sensation as *Blanca* in Millman's *Fazio*—but her *Lady Macbeth*, which soon followed, to Forrest's *Macbeth*, made her "the rage." She became the town's talk. The press was full of her. The staid monthlies and quartilles took it up in discussions of her conception and embodiments of characters old to the stage but so wholly new and unconventional in their rendering. For three years she reigned there, the conceded queen of tragedy, and returned to America in 1847, confirmed in her great fame, rich in gold and with a personal reputation that shed lustre on her calling.

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"Bethel, does Max Duncan love you?"
Miss Foss's oval cheeks flushed to the deepest crimson of scarlet.

"Love me?" she cried, with strangely-troubled, flashing eyes. "He has never loved me, and now I think he almost hates me!"

"Why? Do not answer me like a girl—that you do not know; tell me the truth."

"I suppose he thinks, as almost every one does, that I ran away from Greenwilde to elope with Rial Andral; that I love him yet—and so he despises me! Oh, if he could only know the truth, and believe in me!"

"And you did not?"

"No; I was engaged to Mr. Andral—I regretted it so! how I regretted it—and I know he was going to Europe. I wanted to tell the engagement before he went," explained Beth,

with bitter earnestness.

"And the engagement is broken now?" queried Beata.

"Not yet!" with almost despairing emphasis.

"Not yet—and we do not love this man?"

"No! No! I shall free myself as soon as I can."

"As soon as you can," repeated Miss Hallgarten.

"Has Madame De Witt had anything to do with this?"

Beth confessed to the interview she had held with her mother upon New Year night concerning her engagement, and naming the lateness of the hour, concluded as the answer.

"I suppose she knew best—though these months have been almost unbearable. How I wish I had told you before—it is such a relief to have some one to whom I can tell the misery and the truth!"

The calm, majestic Miss Hallgarten did a strange thing. She caught Bethel in her arms, pressed a kiss upon her brow, and said, solemnly:

"Child, you can commit no greater crime than to marry a man you do not love. Let no one—nothing induce you to do it! Think of that until you see me again—and come soon."

As when Bethel was gone, she said, thoughtfully:

"I must send for Max," and sat at her desk and wrote.

"Max Duncan, I wish to see you. Come soon.
BEATA HALLGARTEN."

And, the note being sealed and stamped, the small maid was sent to post it; but before it reached Max Duncan, the next morning, several events had occurred, strangely affecting the interests of the writer and those two upon whom her secret, hidden passions centered.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

A GONE CASE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Soft-hearted was he and did sigh
A good deal like a scythe,
Because his love for Anna Bly
Forbade him being blithe.
And then a little old eye
Often made him writhe.

He thought he found content to see
The dearest earthly scene,
And longed with that girl to agree;
She thought he was a green;
Away from her she longed to be,
And didn't care a bean.

He saw his hope could never grow
And uttered many a groan,
Although his heart was just like tow
Ignited by love to burn,
And if he wouldn't love him, lo!
He'd feel himself alone.

She said of hope he'd not a ray,
And so his eyes did rain;
He knew his efforts did not pay
In any coil but pain,
And lonely by himself did stray
And like a sorrows mule.

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OH, SAY NOT SO!
ADDRESSED TO O. J.

BY MARA.

"Oh, restless heart, turn, turn away;
If Love is wanting, turn to clay.

If Love is wanting! Say not so;
So much of joy we miss;
So much of grief and pain we have,
Our poor spirits grieve.

Let us believe, what's our lot;
That Love is that which leaves us not.

Love is life. It can't be wanting.
Gift from the hand Divine,
Beautiful flower from Eden's bower,
Meant to be mine and thine.

Doubtless? Look in the blue above;
Read in its depths that "God is love."

Sweet flowers that grace our woods and vales,
Dear, limp, laughing girls,
Faith in universal Love,
Faith as our greatest guide.

Asids from crystal air we look,
And take our faith from Nature's book.

Doubt not the over-ruling Love—
Doubt not; for hearts like thine,
Allied to Nature, never miss
Love, human or Divine.

On earth below, in heaven above,
The ruling power of life is Love."

Kitty's Entanglement.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"You will never make a decent match in the world," said Mrs. Price, who was severely intrenched behind the coffee-urn.

Breakfast was late that morning. Jack had finished his, but remained buried in the depths of the morning paper, and Mrs. Price was about to ring for the second time when the tardy members of the family made their appearance—two very pretty girls of nearly the same age, one petite, dimpled and rosy, the other tall and fair—respectively Kitty Gordon and Lucille Mayo, niece and youngest sister of Mrs. Price.

It was upon Kitty's willful head that the tide of the matron's indignation was turned.

"You flung out outrageously last night, Kitty Gordon. How long do you expect me to put up with such conduct? If I am dependent for the bread I eat, I'd try to be grateful for what was done for me. But, you'll miss your mark, young lady, let me tell you. You'll never make a decent match in the world."

Jack put down his paper and laid a protecting arm across the back of Kitty's chair.

"Don't be too sure of that, mother," said he, quietly. "And don't you badger the poor little girl. Kitty has agreed to marry me."

It was a bomb which took Mrs. Price altogether unawares. She might storm as she liked after that; Jack was immovable as a rock.

"But, oh dear! oh dear! there'll be no living in the house with her for a week," confided Kitty to Lucille—who was not, like herself, a permanent fixture in the house—when they were safe in the latter's room. "She won't say much while he is around, but I'll have it all to do with when he isn't. I don't know what I'll do."

"Come with me to help keep house for Mrs. Fawcett," suggested Lucille. "She will be gone a month, and I have promised to take charge for her. Elinor will get over her vexation and be ready to make the best of things by the time we are home again."

"Don't make much difference whether she does or not," muttered Kitty, with a defiant toss of the head; "I sha'n't mind aunt Elinor's scolding when she can't do any harm by it."

"Any harm?" questioned Miss Mayo, with a look of surprise. "You are sure of Jack, I suppose? Is there anything else the matter?"

They had been three days in Mrs. Fawcett's house before Kitty fairly answered that question. She was fidgeting about the parlor, now standing at the piano, fingering the keys, now teasing the piano which hung head downward from its gilded ring, and looking thoughtfully upon Miss Mayo, who was calmly embroidering moss-roses on silk tapestry and giving very little heed to her restless companion.

"Lucille Mayo, I wonder if you know what trouble is?"

"Why, Kitty? Tell me yours if you are ready."

"You are too provoking," exclaimed Kitty, half-laughing, half-crying. "I'm in a dreadful scrape. I wouldn't let Jack know it for the world, but I'm engaged to another man."

"Engaged?" Kitty Gordon!

"Now, if you're going to scold," cried Kitty, hysterically, "I'll just give up. I don't care what becomes of me. You might wait till you hear how it happened before you snap me up like that."

Lucille laid down her work and folded her hands.

"Well, well," said she, soothingly; "tell me, dear."

"It was when I was at school," Kitty began her confession. "You don't know what times we had; up to anything for the sake of fun, and—and—one night another girl and myself slipped out of a back window and went to a masquerade ball. You may depend upon it, we had things gay, but we got caught, going home. It makes me sick only to think of it. The professor had found us out and was on the watch for us, and we were marched off to his study, and Mary Foster, the mean thing! out and told that I had coaxed her into it, and she got off with a lecture and being kept as a prisoner within the limits of the grounds for a certain length of time, while I was at school."

"Lucille, I was nearly dead with fright. You can guess what aunt Elinor would have said. I first declared I couldn't go home in disgrace, and I flung myself down on the sofa and cried until that grim old professor came and put his hand on my head. 'My child,' he said, 'you must tell him he was softening, and next thing he was calling me "darling Kitty" and telling me that he loved me, and I—I was just desperate, and promised to marry him if he would let me stay I meant to get out of it before I should leave school, but, somehow, I didn't, and he has been writing to me and means to come and make me fulfil my promise."

"But, Kitty, if you write him the truth, that you don't care for him, he will surely release you."

"I did," explained Kitty, confusedly; "but you see I had hinted that my friends would be apt to interfere, and he thinks I am being unduly influenced, and says he will rescue me from the tyrant. It was the luckiest chance that Mrs. Fawcett should be away, as she did, and I have fixed it that he is to come here, and see my aunt—that's you, Lucille—and you must just tell him anything to send him away, but don't for pity's sake breathe a word that will take him to aunt Elinor or cousin Jack. She would make me marry him out of spite, and Jack would be angry and let me. You will help me out of it, won't you, Lucille?"

And in the end Lucille promised, though not without some misgivings.

"I am to understand that I was simply made the tool of your niece, Miss Mayo; that, having served her turn and purposes, she proposes to discard me without any further ceremony. Pardon me for asking, if that is the case, why she troubled herself to keep up the deceit?"

It came over Lucille Mayo as she stood before him that possibly Kitty had not been quite frank regarding her own share in the tender transaction. This was a very different order of man from the person she had expected to see. Not over thirty, with frank eyes just now holding an angry light, and a striking rather than a handsome face, he was a far remove from the "grim old professor" she had mentally pictured, evidently not a man who would be lightly trifled with.

"I cannot take any second-hand assurance re-

garding a change in her which she herself has given me no reason to think has taken place," declared Professor Steele, when he had listened to the somewhat faltering statement she had to make.

"But," said Miss Mayo, considerably disturbed, "Kitty absolutely refuses to see you. How can I convince you that it is her wish?"

How more firmly: "I must say, sir, I have been led to believe that you took undue advantage of the influence you would naturally have over her and the strait she was in, but as a gentleman you will surely not refuse her the release she

imposes."

"I took advantage!" began Professor Steele, hotly, but repressed his anger with a visible effort. "I have been led to believe that some attempt would be made to coerce Kitty into giving me up. I think you can overrule any objections you may entertain to me personally, Miss Mayo. At any rate, my misgivings, if I receive it, must come at her hands."

It seemed to Steele that there was nothing to be done but to let him have his way. Consequently Professor Steele remained to give the officer a kindly ending, and to upbraid him for his conduct. And Kitty came fluttering down in her prettiest dress, sweet, smiling and shy, and the evening was not half over before Lucille detected that, instead of giving him his quietus, she was flirting desperately with the present lover, while the absent one seemed to have been obliterated from her thoughts. Lucille looked on, indignant and amazed. It was incomprehensible conduct to her, knowing as she did that Kitty's affections were really fixed upon Jack.

"I can't help it," the pretty culprit protested, after the visitor had taken his departure and the two girls were alone for the night. "I tried to tell him how it was that I had, so much to say about his faith in me that I really couldn't. He seems to think that it is a put up to marry me to Jack, says he won't let it be done, and now it's a thousand times worse than before for he is going to stay at the hotel till everything is settled. He is to come again to-morrow, but I won't see him: he must go away and let me alone."

Yet she was ready to receive him next morning, spreading her shining snares anew. Time went on, but only served to show more clearly the weak inconsistency of the girl's nature. She would cry and be all repentance one hour, only to dry her tears and flirt again if the professor appeared the next. From blaming her severely, Lucille began to pity her, and met him one day with her own resolution formed.

"Professor Steele," said she, "you are letting him do his best and you the greatest injustice. She is engaged to her cousin and loves him I do believe, but she is a born coquette and cannot resist the temptation to flirt though it should destroy her own happiness. I know he doesn't like me because I fancy I have opposed your suit, but I must try to show you the truth. You may possibly do her the injustice of breaking off her match with Jack; you may even induce her to marry you, but I would never pity either of you."

"You are Pretty Nellie, then?" eagerly said Inez.

"Yes, lady! Now let him go—please let him go, and even the wicked buccaneers will pray for and bless you!" pleaded Nellie.

"This is bold, desperate game to play, and you shall not lose if I can aid you. I will act at once, Garcia!"

"Well, Senorita Inez," and a soldier came in from the hotel.

"Bid Captain Alfuerte come here, and also Lieutenant Redmond, the American officer with him—ah! they are here."

"Senorita, in the absence of your uncle I cannot let the prisoner go, even though I would like to, under the circumstances," said Edward Alfuerte, entering the room, accompanied by the supposed Ross Redmond.

"Then I will take the responsibility, señor capitan. I know why the prisoner is wanted. Please have him brought at once from his dungeon, and I will report it to my uncle."

The aide bowed and retired, with the look upon his face that the maiden was taking a great deal upon herself; but he said nothing, and in fifteen minutes more, the supposed Americans passed out of the Moro gateway, with Rafael the Rover between them.

At a glance the chief had recognized Roy Woodbridge, Nellie, and the men; but no sign of recognition, and they had the boat in safety, and were soon on board the lugger which at once got under way and headed out of the harbor. Mabel Markham standing on deck as she gazed by the Sea Hawk, and rejoicing in her heart at the escape of the man she now loved with all the intensity of her passionate nature.

As the lugger disappeared in the gloom, seaward, Mabel Markham turned and greeted her father and Lieutenant Edmunds, who just then came on board, and as she looked her eyes fell on a dark, cloaked form that was brought up and laid on the deck.

"It is the body of Melville; we will bury it to-morrow with honors," said her father, and with a shudder the maiden descended to the cabin and her state-room, just as a fleet-sailing *carera* flew down the harbor, going seaward with all sail set.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHAPTER XLII.

AS DESPERATE GAME FOR LIFE.

WHEN Bancroft Edmunds had said to Inez, he would perhaps return to the castle that night, he little knew the sorrow his second visit would cause her, when he came accompanied by Captain Markham, and with Rafael the Rover as his companion.

Fortunately General Sebastian was absent, gone to see the Governor-General on business, and Inez was saved from then betraying her knowledge of the prisoner, as he stood before her, no sign upon his stern, handsome face showing that he had ever before seen her.

"Senors, I regret my uncle's absence; I will tell him I love an officer on board the Sea Hawk, Bancroft Edmunds by name—love him because he killed Paul Melville; but, go on, and tell the captain," said the delighted Rafael.

"I have caught the low voice, and his eyes flashed, yet his face remained cold and stern as before.

"Be seated, senors; my uncle will return soon, perhaps. Ah! here is Captain Alfuerte, *Capitan*, Captain Markham has brought him a prisoner; please see that he is confined securely until my uncle returns to dispose of him."

"That is what I say captain. Now I will tell you something of this little girl," and Roy Woodbridge made known the secret of Nellie's life, and his love for her.

"Forgive me, Nellie, for once having wronged you in thought. Now, Woodbridge, I intend returning to the island, to get my father, if he will go, and sail for the States, where I intend to settle down to an honorable life, for I have some money that I never won under the Red Anchor flag—enough to support me, and you and Nellie, and your mother, too, Nellie, if she will go with us. What say you?"

"Hold on, captain! don't lay it on me. She is Midshipman Nellie. Tell him all about her, Nellie, and then, to save your blushes, I will tell him that I love an officer on board the Sea Hawk, Bancroft Edmunds by name—love him because he killed Paul Melville; but, go on, and tell the captain," said the delighted Rafael.

"I will go with you. We will take the *carera* and several of our best men to man it. Now let us go on deck and see if we can discover the little craft coming astern, for I should feel very sorry if harm befalls Morton, Salvador and the men."

"They will soon be along. Sail ho!" sung out Roy Woodbridge as he reached the deck.

Fa astern was visible a sail, and in a short while Rafael pronounced it to be the *carera*.

"I have seen the Virginia coast, and you can buy a farm next my own, or live with us. Say yes."

"I will go with you. We will take the *carera* and several of our best men to man it. Now let us go on deck and see if we can discover the little craft coming astern, for I should feel very sorry if harm befalls Morton, Salvador and the men."

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"They will soon be along. Sail ho!" sung out Roy Woodbridge as he reached the deck.

THE WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

Behold, beside the garden gate,
A bright-eyed cherub, lonely, stands
At eve, when Naiads contemplate
Their shining waves and golden sands,
And wood-symphys, find a sleep surprise,
From the water, in haste retreat,
A Day's great king deludes their eyes.
And makes the leaves appear on fire.
The shepherd drives his fleecy charge
Athwart the fair and verdant vale,
Eratwhile, the browning kine discharge
Thee into Mary's pale.
The feathered choir, whose sweetest notes
From the olive boughs were heard, to-day,
Retreats their little, weary throats
In yonder little, weary way.
Sweet Repose reposes over all,
And silence reassumes her sway;
The mill-wheel rests beside the wall,
The plow upon the second clay.
The brook's low murmur in the glen
Is like the sighs of the lone ear,
Unbroken, save when in the fan
The croaking frog's low voice we hear.
But, these are all the sounds that mar
The solemn stillness of the scene,
While, here and there, a pallid star
Appears, to greet Night's coming Queen;
Whose light will cheer the gloomy morn,
Whence, maybe, some brave, hopeful band
Shall ne'er come back to friends again.
But, what induced that little lass
To go to yonder garden gate,
And there, half-covered by the grass,
To stay, so patiently, so late?
Lest, through the quiet even, shade
A star, or some passing tred,
And, on his shoulder, that true lade,
With which he lays the living dead.
But, though he cuts the living down,
No human blood lies on his hands;
In truth, he finds no renown.
For he but battles with his lands.
No like a lion, when he stands
Bands down before a regal throne,
To take the thanks of Majesty
For making wives and mothers moan.
The victor sees the little maid,
Whose ardent kisses now repay
The labors of his shining blade,
That mowed the swarded roads to-day.
And, like a lion, when he stands
Bands down before a regal throne,
To take the thanks of Majesty
For making wives and mothers moan.
Columbia! may you depend,
Forevermore, on men like this,
But never need them to defend
The right you hold to Freedom's bliss!
And, home, when our valiant soldiers find
In home's delight their best reward—
Their proper work, as God designed,
In cutting down the scented sward!

Tales of an Army Officer.

PASSING IN HIS CHECKS;

OR,
On the War-path with General Crook.

BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER, U. S. A.

It was the Centennial year—the 10th of September—that General Crook's command was on its way to the Black Hills. Captain Mills's Third Cavalry had gone ahead, to buy rations, at the first settlement, and bring them out to us. We were without food of any kind, and had been in this condition for days.

During the march horses were killed and butchered by the men, who were in a starving condition, and on our arrival in camp, that night, Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, made an issue of horse-meat to the command, the first issue of the kind ever made in the United States army.

I did not partake of this kind of food until the next day; there was something repulsive to me in eating our poor broken-down horses, who had carried us for so many weary miles, and by association in our hardships gained our love; and the next issue was Indian pony meat, the necessity never existing, for which I am very thankful.

General Merritt, of the Fifth Cavalry, in my presence said: "That no horse was to be shot; that if a horse broke down you were to give him a chance by leaving him near water." Somebody said: "But, general, the Indians will get them."

"I do not care; they deserve a chance; life is as dear to them as to us."

I thought at the time that it spoke well for his humanity, for he is not thoughtful in regard to the welfare of animals confined to his care, and who neglects them should be severely punished for such neglect, and no punishment can be severe enough. Pony meat is excellent; that is colt; and Captain Rodgers, who was fortunate enough to have some antelope steak, mixed it with pony, and could not tell the difference.

Shortly after leaving camp on the morning of the 11th, an order was passed back to "fall out" weak horses who could not make a forced march of twenty miles, and gradually the news came along the column:

"Mills had had a fight, and sent for reinforcements."

This news put life into the whole command, and no one wanted to "fall out," and many a bloody flank that day told how our men got through; for the ground, soaked with the continual rain we had had, was fearful for a forced march; horses sinking to their fetlocks, as they did at every step. It was while we were plowing along through the mud that I saw Frank White, the scout, on my left and quite near, and hailed him:

"Oh! Chips! you will never get through, on that horse, in time to take a hand!"

For Frank White, or "Buffalo Chips," as we called him, was mounted on the sorriest-looking horse I ever saw. He answered me—and from what happened afterward, his answer was imbedded upon my mind—

"I'll be there in plenty of time to get my fill. I say, Cap, have you a small-size chew, to consume?"

"Only some dried sage; will that do?"

"That was the last I beheld of White, until I saw him receive his death-shot. But, to continue:

Mills had indeed had a fight. With great good luck he had come across the village of "Roman Nose," containing over forty lodges, and captured together with a large herd of ponies. He lost his left leg, and was wounded. Among the wounded was the gallant Lieutenant Von Luetkowitz, Third United States Cavalry, who lost his leg, and the sufferings of this officer must have been something fearful, for we were obliged to carry him, on a *travois*, for nearly a hundred miles. As the head of our column reached the village sharp picket-firing was going on.

The Indians in the village were unusually rich; they had a full supply of everything for winter, buffalo-meat in profusion, robes in every state of being tanned, antelope and elk hides, dried berries, plums, and everything the heart could wish for in the Indian heart.

Here we found a guide of the Seventh Cavalry, and a corn-eat market at Fort Buford, showing that these Indians were in Custer's fight, as well as being among those who captured the grain from Terry, at the mouth of Powder river.

In a ravine close to the village—you might say in it—some Indians had taken refuge, their number unknown, and they had wounded a

number of soldiers, who had had the temerity to approach too near. Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, and *aide-de-camp* to General Crook, determined to oust them; and a number of officers and men volunteered—myself among the number.

Frank White with the scouts had crept around the ravine, and gained a position in close proximity to the Indians; and as the bank they were on was higher than the one we were advancing to, had nearly a view of the Indians, and they had succeeded in putting down their fire. We hauled Frank, and told him, and the others, to keep up as steady a fire as they could to protect our advance; and then we went for it at a rush. The Indians laid low until we were almost upon them, when they opened: two of our men were instantly killed, but we kept up firing. I glanced across the ravine at the scouts when I saw Frank White and Baptiste Furrer, with cries like a mountain lion—then wounded—rise and jump for the ravine, quicker than thought—notwithstanding the deadly fire they were under. Up rose two Indians and fired. Frank threw up his hands, and with a shout that was heard throughout the command, said:

"I'm done for; go for them, boys!" and he fell back into the dead ground.

Baptiste never flinched, but jumped at one of the Indians and raised his scalp. If I live until my hair is gray, I never shall forget the picture he made. His face expressed concentrated hatred and revenge. We continued pouring in a deadly fire on the huddled Indians, until the cry came:

"Stop, for God's sake, stop!"

Far above the din made by the carbines and revolvers could be heard the cries of women and infants, and the pitiful wail of infants.

Some daring officers at once jumped into the ravine and Baptiste and one of the scouts of women and children. Among the latter was a baby a few days old, whose mother was dead. It was given to one of the squaws, but she carried it back into the ravine, laying it by its dead mother, and saying:

"I have no milk," and there it stayed for probably an hour.

The bucks had moved up the ravine about six or seven yards, and to their credit, let it be recorded, did not fire while the officers were aiding their women and children; showing in this way that they have not lost all chivalry in their contact with the "Agency squaw-men."

General Crook determined not to allow any

more firing on the ravine, but to take the Indians prisoners if possible; and if not, to burn them out, for already the casualties on our side were equal to the number of Indians in the ravine.

To this end he had a guard stretched outside of the line of fire and sent one of the squaws into the ravine to summon the Indians to surrender, and to inform them that they would be burned out if they did not.

After considerable time elapsing in parleying, they came out and delivered up their arms. One of the Indian women, a widow, had died, and was buried in the ravine, and died that night. On entering the ravine a sad sight met our gaze. A number of Indians were wailing in blood, among them two squaws. One of the latter I am certain must have been killed in the charge of the morning, and had been used as a breast-work, for she was so pale as to give rise to the cry, "A white man!"

Her sex was soon discovered, and pity took the place of the revengeful feelings aroused by the cry.

General Crook ascertained from the prisoners that Crazy Horse, with over three hundred lodges, about twenty miles from us, but owing to the want of rations and the condition of our horses we had had, was fearful for a forced march; horses sinking to their fetlocks, as they did at every step. It was while we were plowing along through the mud that I saw Frank White, the scout, on my left and quite near, and hailed him:

"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, "is it a spirit comes yonder, gliding with noiseless steps?"

judgment, and with the strong hand of power settle the long and bloody feud between the rival clans, Maxwell and Scott.

And at the Maxwell tower great Murray had seen the pretty Margaret—had seen and fancied the fresh young beauty, and solely on her account he had dealt lightly with the transgressions of the Maxwell men who, by the evidence of impartial witnesses, were proved to be the aggressors upon the opposite faction, nine times out of ten.

The chief of Scott grumbled and denounced the wickedness of Murray for the way he had conducted himself, but when he adjudged that both were equally to blame, and threatened the power of the crown's strong arm upon the first to renew the quarrel, they cried out against the injustice of the decision and withdrew in silence.

But they little dreamed why Murray had so decided.

In their side of the scales sat justice, but on the Maxwell side the gloomy beauty easily outweighed the blind goddess.

Crafty David resolved to make the best use of the fortunate tide.

"Hist, captain! to Holyrood!" he cried, to one of his brothers, "and Maggie must go along with us; she takes Murray's eye, and as she thrives so well we, her soft lips, shall win for us what our hard hands have lost."

And so away at once to Holyrood they went.

Murray was delighted, for this old, stern soldier had yet a taste for a fair and blooming girl; but as many an ancient sage has declared, "all things go estray when a woman rules the house," the flower of Maxwell house turned her back on the great earl and fell desperately in love with young Dundee.

Great was the wrath of the brothers, and loudly and earnestly they remonstrated with the wayward girl.

Pursuasion was in vain, and so they tried threats; but, woman though she was, the girl soon let them see that the Maxwell blood in her veins was quite as good as the red current that flowed in theirs.

"Either Dundee or death!" she cried, defiantly.

And then the crafty one of the brothers, whose wits had planned the bringing of the girl to the court, set his brains to work to contrive some scheme whereby they might reach the end they sought.

"Dundee is but man," he said, "and man is but mortal. Were Dundee dead then our sister would be glad to accept the great earl."

The two brothers swirled roundly that the idea was a good one, and that the quicker they laid in wait for Dundee and gave him his pass to the other world the better.

But here again the crafty wits of the younger brother came in play.

"It will not do to assault Dundee openly; nor must we be known in the matter at all. We are not now on the border land. A single stroke aimed at Dundee, here, almost within the shadow of the throne, would cost all of us our lives. No, Dundee must fall and we not privy to the deed."

This was a matter easily arranged.

The crafty was full of idle, gallant "gentlemen," who followed the earl to a forest for a fox-hunt, and who were quite ready to cut any body's throat provided the service was well paid for.

The brothers set a close watch upon the young lover, and just about that time Dundee took a step which seemed to deliver him into the hands of his enemies.

He was a miser, but he was aware of it,

and dispassionately protested that he couldn't help it, because it was a disease with him.

* White men who marry squaws.

The Dark Lady of Dundee.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

"Then open your gates and let me ga' free,
For I canna stay longer in Bonnie Dundee."

—SCOTT.

The very pink and flower of Scottish chivalry indeed was Roland Graham, Viscount of Dundee, who flourished during the days of Mary Queen of Scots.

A tall, well-built gentleman, just turned twenty-one at the time when the young Frenchwoman landed on the shores destined to prove so fatal to her; an acknowledged leader among the young "bloods" of the gay court—gay enough, indeed, during the early part of Mary's reign thanks to the sprightly French fashion which she introduced; and it was no wonder that the gossips of the capital looked anxiously to see what fair name the viscount would honor when he was heard throughout the land.

And the most unlikely lady of all the fair ones of the brilliant court, so the gossips declared, the young nobleman selected.

Three brothers were there of the Maxwell clan, Robert, Alexander and David; Robert, the Rough; Alexander, the Cruel; David, the Crafty; so men characterized them.

And these three border lords, a ruthless and as wild as any unhung moss-trooper native to the English "pale" had a sister, so soft and fair that even the gay French gallants, who were roundly to swear that the murky land of the north could boast no ladies to compare to the dames of *la belle France*, were fair to hymn her praises as being a very paragon of woman-kind.

Margaret she was called, a pure Scottish bell, loving and gentle.

The fortunes of the Maxwell men had been on the wane for quite a number of years. A long and bloody feud with the powerful Scott clan had brought them nigh to the verge of ruin, but in these dark hours from a single accident, David, the Crafty—

"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, in a surprised tone; "is it a spirit comes yonder, gliding with noiseless steps?"

And, sure enough, down the street came a dark form, moving with noiseless motion.

It wore the appearance of a woman; it glided up the steps of the old house, half-revealed a white face, wondrous like the moon, and then glided through the door which hardly seemed to open to admit her.

"It is a spirit!" the brave cried, "the Dark

He had previously lodged quite near the palace, in the principal street, and was always well surrounded by attendants; but now, all of a sudden, he dismissed his followers, took apartments in an obscure lane, and, in fine, separated him self entirely from his friends.

This was the very opportunity that the Maxwell sought.

At once David hunted out a leading swash-buckler and made a bargain with him.

"Come to me to-morrow at the following under-take to compass the death of the young man.

Maxwell kept his word to himself and claimed the name of the victim, either, but deceived the brave by stating that the man whose life was sought was one Michael Angerster, a Swede, for the cunning fellow feared that the swordsmen would not care to attack so eminent a man as Dundee.

The bravio dressed up his gang with morion and breast-plate, so that at a distance one would take them for a detachment of the night-patrol, and upon a certain night when the bells were striking twelve, Maxwell conducted the band to the old house where Dundee had taken up his quarters.

The bravio knocked at the door and say that you bring a message from Margaret Maxwell: he will open the portal at once; then strike him," the plotter said, and, the instruction given, the wily bravio stood leaning against the curved gate-post while he read the delightful gossip and the urgent invitation to go to the city for a few days' final shopping and enjoyment before the wedding that was now but two weeks off.

And suddenly the determination came to Octavia to run down to the city again, despite her previous judgment that it was unnecessary.

"It will be such a charming surprise to Thorn to see me, and I do so want to see him, too!

Yes, it will be delightful, and I shall have Augusta to thank for a very great and unexpected pleasure."

Concealed in the shadows cast by the houses the brigands waited for the extinguishment of the light.

And while they waited the chief of the band pondered over the instructions given.

"Margaret Maxwell," he muttered, "why, this is the girl with whom the bold Dundee is in love, and what has this Swede to do with her?" The gossip of the court was familiar to him. "Has this fellow tricked me and is it Dundee himself who is to attack?"

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lady of Dundee, the phantom of the Graham house, and its appearance presages death. I know the legend well. It is bold Dundee whom we must strike!"

The lights were extinguished suddenly. The